

Aurigæ * Flag.
OR
LONDONS Complainer
BY A
COUNTRY-CART-VVHIP.
Being the
Flying CITIZENS Vindication. 565

WHither away? Pray what is that to you?
Unless the *Poet* is turn'd *Watchman* too.
What turned *Antick* now to stand i'th' street,
And frighten Children with thy *winding-sheet*?
What phrenzie seiz'd thy pate, thy *crowing brains*,
To domineer thus in *licentious* strains?
'Cause we are gone into the *Country*, you
Must have your *Wits* go a *Wool-gath'ring* too.
Because we on the *Sea* of *Safety float*,
You needs must have an *Oar* too in our *Boat*?
What? can't you let your *City Tradesmen* rest,
But must bespatter them; *foul* your own *Nest*.
If some (not to return) are gone astray;
Such as you shew'd them heretofore the way.
Of which some persons had *just cause* you'll find:
Yet to the *Poor* they left their *purse* behind.
But how so pious all o'th' sudden? How?
Wer't guilty e're of a *Religious Vow*?
Strong *Faith* thou hast indeed, confess I must,
Thy daily meat and drink is all on *trust*.
Our diffidence you blame: What will you do
If *Countray-Calves* do not come up to you?
Pray God you do not before next *December*,
Make to yee *Idols* of good belly-timber.

Some did conclude, when this *Plague* did begin,
'Twas for the *City*, not the *Kingdoms Sin*,
For Judgments come, where Sinners swarm so much,
And good men oft participate with such:
Wherefore (saith God) *hide thee, shut thy door fast,*
Until the Indignation be o'repast. Isa. 26. 30

This Scripture's truth it self you can't deny.
If God bids *hide*, why may not we then *fly*?
Alas, we think not (vainly) to flie God,
But *Sinful places* which call down his *Rod*.
All one's the *City*, or the *Countray-aire*,
For this we know, that God is *ev'ry where*.
We not the *Place*, but *sinful men* eschew;
We're gone to purge our selves from *Sin* and you.
Malicious Sinner! wherefore would you have
Us stay? To be your *Chamber-mates* i'th' *Grave*.

Just as of late 'twas told me of a Whore,
That had the pestilential running sore.
Yet in that case did tempt one to that fact.
I blush to name, who dy'd i'th' ver y act.
Within two hours another man did come;
But God preserv'd him from the former's doom.
Going about to kiss her, out she cry'd,
O God! O God! And so fell down and dy'd.
You'd have us stay. Alas, what can we do?
We lose our selves by offering help to you.
We Charity would show, and it shall come
To you, but let it first begin at home.
Your *Souls Physicians*, and your *Bodys* too
Are gone (you say) and bid you both adieu:
Good reason why; th' one saw your *flinty hearts*
Would not be pierced by the *Scriptures darts*.
Tho' lab'ring drops ran down their cheeks with pain,
These suppl'd not your souls, they preach't in vain.
Ye left the Church, as if *Infections* fear
Had been the cause that you would come not there:
And this is shameful, as 'tis very sad,
Pews were the most of *Auditors* they had.
Of those should come to Church, not one in ten;
But six besides the *Clerk* to say *Amen*.
For leaving God and them (I dare not say)
God hath left you by calling them away.

Physicians well may leave you too impure;
The cause is hid to them, they cannot cure.
No better *Antidote* then flight (they think)
When *Waters* can't preserve, nor *diet-drink*.
Their *Applications* can't avail, it must
Be *Prayers* in *Faith* that ransoms man from dust.
O do not then *Particulars* condemn;
The *fault's* in all, in *Parsons, Tradesmen, Them*.
Pray look aright then, and let not your Mind
Or Reason by your *Fancy* be purblind.
For 'tis not *Flight* or *staying* that doth save
From *Death*, when God hath marked out our *Grave*.

I, fuge, nam poteris tutior esse foras.